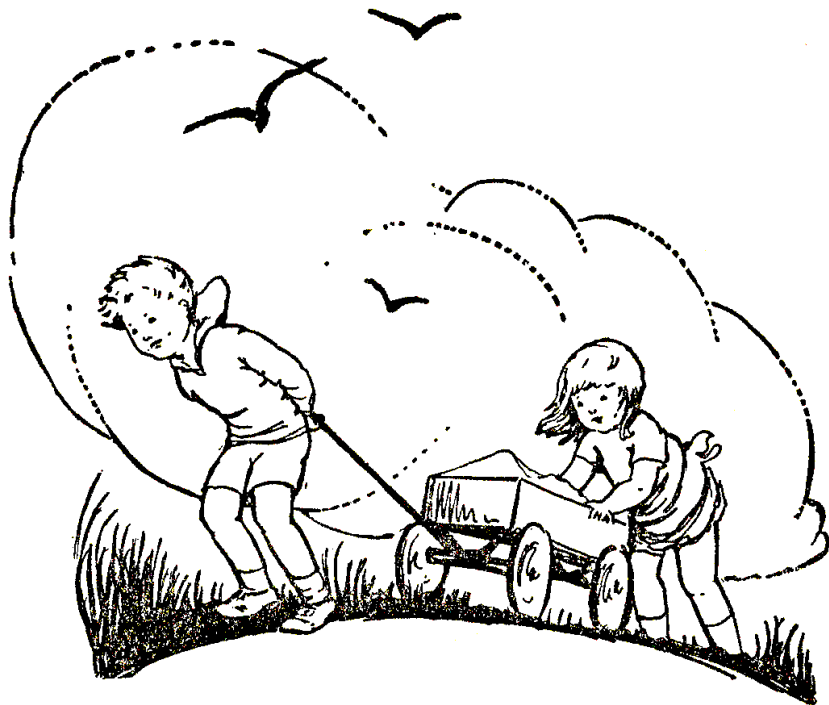


# HERE, THERE and EVERYWHERE

DOROTHY ALDIS



# Here, There and Everywhere



by  
DOROTHY ALDIS  
Author of everything and anything  
Drawings by  
MARJORIE FLACK  
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NEW YORK  
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DOROTHY ALDIS

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# TO PEGGY AND RUTH

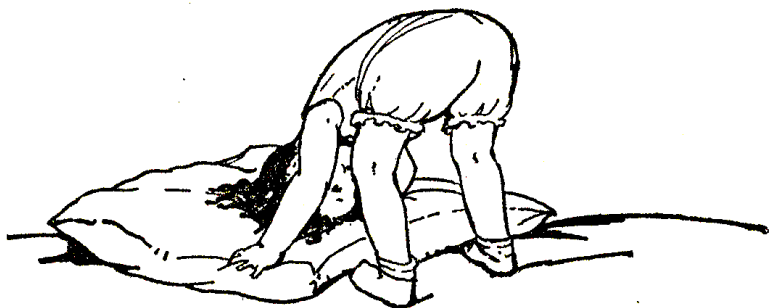
When one stops crying  
The other begins;  
And nobody can every find  
Enough safety pins--  
Oh, they said we'd have a baby but  
A BABY ISN'T TWINS!

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The author acknowledges with thanks the courtesy of the editors of *Child Life*, “A Line o’ Type or Two” of the *Chicago Tribune*, and “The Three Owls” of the *New York Herald Tribune* for permission to reprint certain of the poems included in this book.

# DUCKS

A pillow's good for somersaults.  
Or a sofa. Or a bed.  
But when a duck stands upside down  
He likes a puddle for his head.





# BLUM

Dog means dog,  
And cat means cat;  
And there are lots  
Of words like that.

A cart's a cart  
To pull or shove,  
A plate's a plate,  
To eat off of.

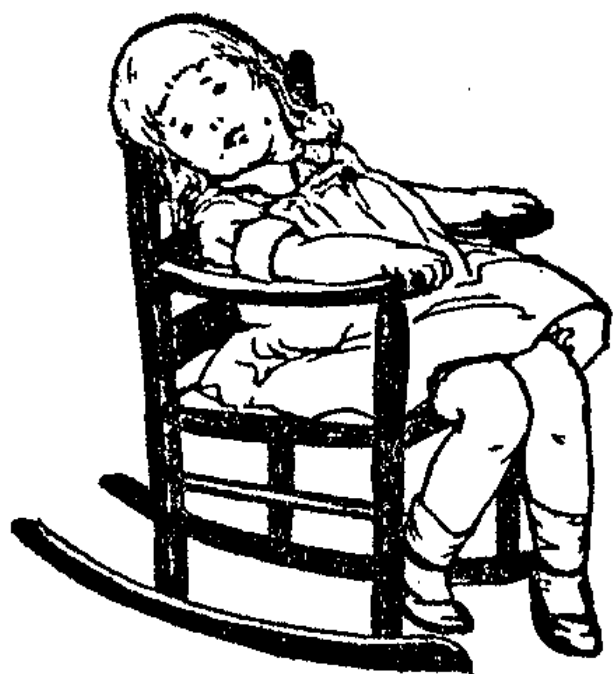
But there are other  
Words I say  
When I am left  
Alone to play.

Blum is one.  
Blum is a word  
That very few  
Have ever heard.

I like to say it,  
"Blum, Blum, Blum"—  
I do it loud  
Or in a hum.

All by itself  
It's nice to sing:  
It does not mean  
A single thing.





# GROWN-UP PEOPLE

They like it sitting straight in chairs,  
They like it talking quietly,  
They like it walking down the stairs,  
Instead of bump  
.....ing  
.....down  
.....like  
.....me.





# FOR CHRISTMAS

I want a Puppy Dog Not made of wool.

I want a Kitty Cat

I don't have to wind.

I want a Nanny Goat

I don't have to pull;

And I want an Elephant

Can sit DOWN behind.



# SQUIRREL, SQUIRREL

Squirrel, squirrel, in the park,  
Your tail is like a question mark.

Your little nose is black and bright;  
Your eyes are glimmering with light.

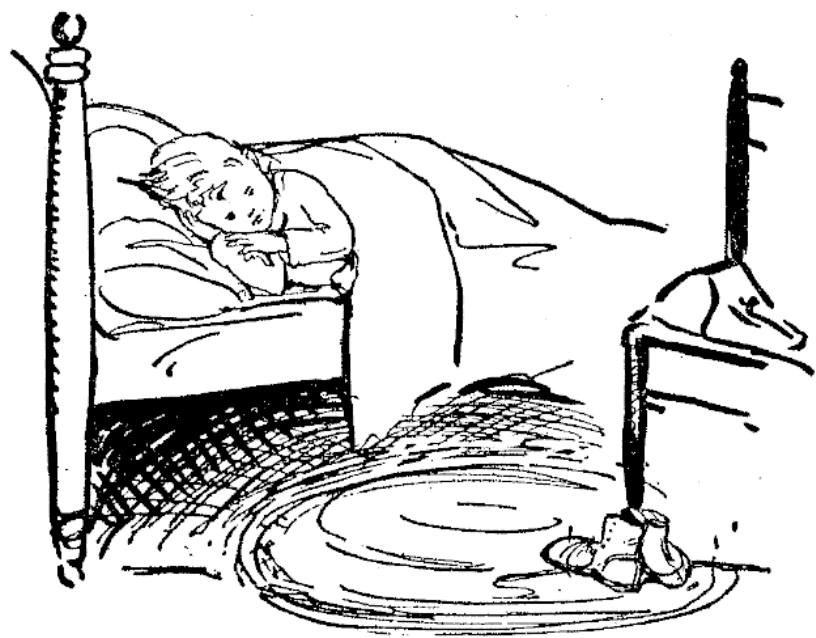
When you run, you run in jumps,  
Up the trees, around the stumps,

Over the grass and clover, then  
Scooting up the trees again.

Squirrel, squirrel, stop and see  
What I brought along with me:

Something that is brown and sweet,  
Something that you like to eat.

Squirrel, don't you understand?  
Here's a peanut in my hand.



# THE SAD SHOES

My shoes are lying on the floor.  
They are not very new,

And I can't wear them any more  
Because the holes came through.

'They had a lovely time today  
Scrabbling up a tree:

Tomorrow they'll be thrown away  
And cannot play with me.

They won't be here to lace or clean.  
I wonder if they know.

I think perhaps they do— they lean  
Upon each other so.



# TROUBLES

Stockings are a trouble— so many times my toes  
Try to climb in where a heel generally goes.

And mittens are not easy, for lots of days my thumbs

Go wandering and crawling into other finger's homes.

But rubbers are the hardest because, it seems to me,  
I always put one rubber where the other one should be.





# ABOUT BUTTONS

Every button has a door  
Which opens wide to let him in;  
But when he rolls upon the floor,  
Because he's tired of where he's been  
And we can't find him any more,  
We use a pin.



# ASLEEP

When he's asleep  
He never knows  
If it rains  
Or if it snows;

If the stars  
Are in the sky,  
Or if a wind  
Is hurrying by.

His little room  
Is cool and dim:  
He does not feel  
Her kissing him.

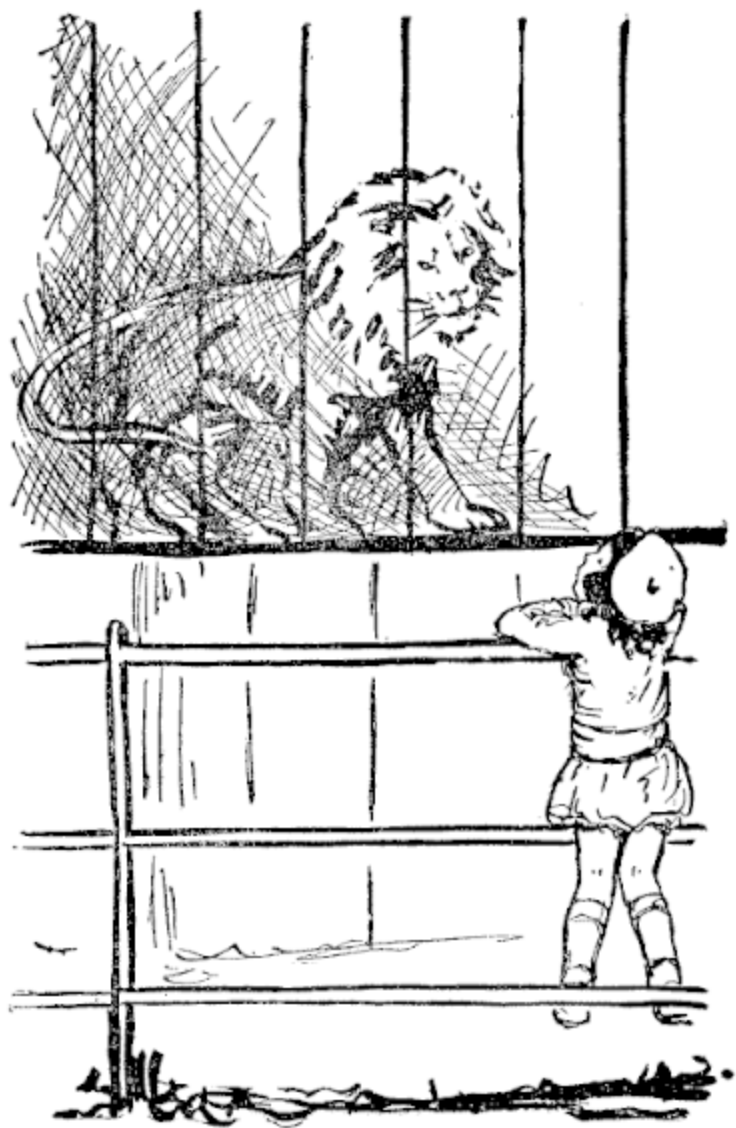


# NICE FOOD

Spinach and cereal,  
Junket and rice—  
Those are my luncheons.  
And they are Nice.

"Eat your nice spinach"—  
That's what they say.  
"Eat your nice cereal;  
Then you may play."

But when there's something  
CHOCOLATE and good,  
Nobody tells me  
To eat my nice food.



# LOVELY LION

Lovely Lion in the zoo,  
Walking by on padded feet  
To and fro and fro and to,  
Are you wondering what to eat?  
Would you like a bowl of stew,  
Or a juicy steak, or would  
A great big bone be fun to chew?

Or do you think that I look good?



# GOOD

I ate my breakfast up and took  
My bristling toothbrush from its hook.

I brushed my teeth and didn't get  
Down the front so very wet.

I put my playthings all away  
Before I went outdoors to play.

On the street I didn't shout.  
I didn't hump or jump about.

And everybody came and stood  
And smiled at me— I was so good.





# BAD

I've been bad and I'm in bed  
For the naughty things I said.

I'm in bed. I wish I had  
Not said those things that were so bad.

I wish that I'd been good instead.  
But I was bad. And I'm in bed.



# BURSTING

We've laughed until my cheeks are tight;  
We've laughed until my stomach's sore—  
If we could only stop we might  
Remember what we're laughing for.



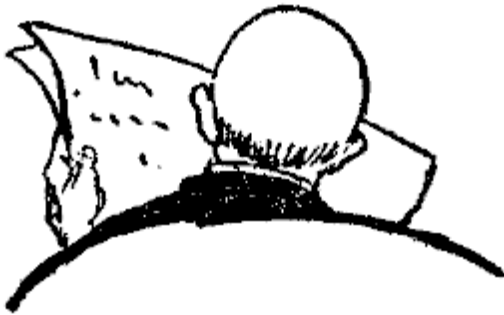
# THE GRASSHOPPERS

High  
Up  
Over the top  
Of feathery grasses the  
Grasshoppers hop.  
They won't eat their suppers;  
They will not obey  
Their grasshopper mothers  
And fathers, who say:  
"Listen, my children,  
This must be stopped—  
Now is the time your last  
Hop should be hopped;  
So come eat your suppers  
And go to your beds—"  
But the little green grasshoppers  
Shake their green heads.  
"No,  
No—"  
The naughty ones say,  
"All we have time to do  
Now is to play.  
If we want supper we'll  
Nip at a fly  
Or nibble a blueberry  
As we go by;  
If we feel sleepy we'll  
Close our eyes tight  
And snooze away in a  
Harebell all night.  
But not  
Now.  
Now we must hop.  
And nobody,  
NOBODY,  
Can make us stop."



# THE DANDELION'S HAIR

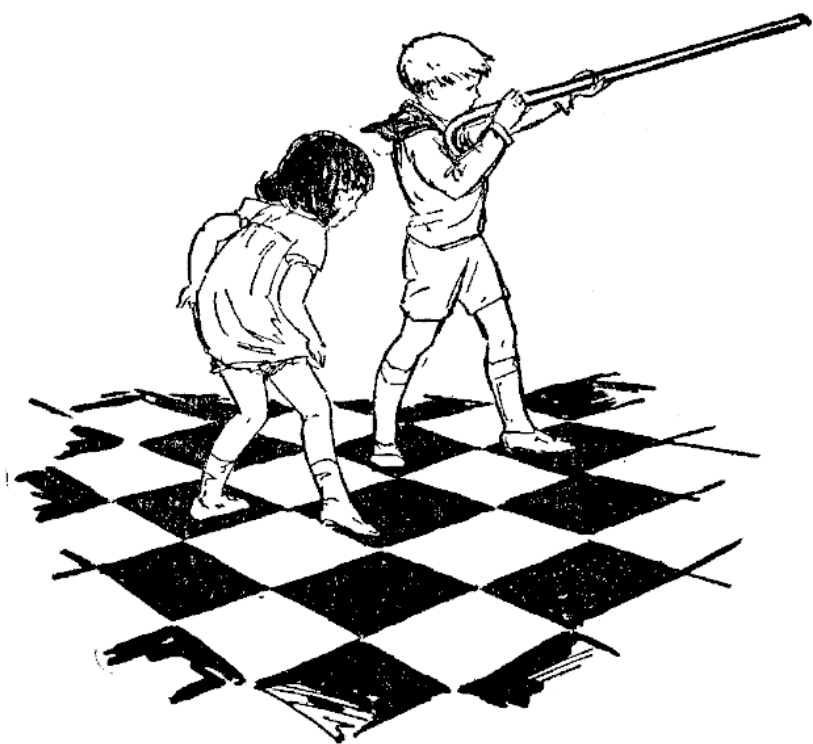
A dandelion's hair turns white  
And blows off on a windy night,  
And then each little head that was  
So curly looks like grandpapa's.





# RAIN

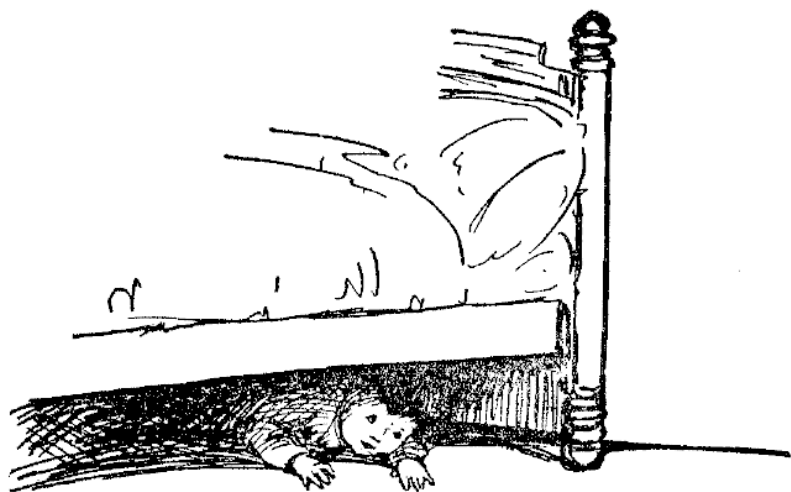
Raining again,  
And raining again,  
Freckles of rain on the  
Window pane,  
Pricks in the puddles  
As bright as a pin  
Stop and begin and then  
Stop and begin;  
John flats his nose on the  
Window pane,  
Watching and watching and  
Watching the rain:  
John can't remember  
He's ever been  
Any place else but  
Always in.





# DANGEROUS

When we're  
Hunting  
We explore  
Squares upon the  
Kitchen floor;  
We must  
Get from  
Here to there  
Without touching  
Anywhere;  
For this  
Square is  
Safe for us——  
But that one is  
Dangerous.



# UNDERNEATH

Inside bed's a snuggling place,  
The blankets feel so tight  
And the sheets against my face  
Are always cool and white.

But underneath a bed is strange.  
Looking out from there  
All the nursery seems to change  
To almost anywhere.

Maybe to a jungle or  
The bottom of the sea:  
It isn't my room anymore——  
And I'm not me.



# MARY ANNE'S LUNCHEON

Here comes Mary Anne  
With a shining clean face.  
She tucks in her bib  
And climbs in her place,

And says quite politely,  
"I'm ready now, cook,"  
And looks at us all  
With a very pleased look.

For we are her luncheon, yum yummy, yum yummy,  
And we're all going down to visit her tummy.

The Poached Egg says:  
I'm a poached egg.  
I sit on my toast  
And wonder which fork prick  
Will tickle the most.

And the Milk says:  
I am the milk  
In her own little cup;  
And soon Mary Anne  
Will drink me all up.

For we are her luncheon, yum yummy, yum yummy,  
And we're all going down to visit her tummy.

And the Carrots say:  
We are the carrots.  
We like little girls,  
And when we're inside them  
We grow rows of curls.

And the Custard says:  
I am the custard,  
Who makes a quick trip  
Off the edge of her spoon  
With a slide and a slip.

Oh, we are her luncheon, yum yummy, yum yummy,  
And we're all going down to visit her tummy.

Then the Egg speaks:  
Oh, what a fork prick!  
(again, very sadly:) Oh what a thrust!  
My beautiful yellow  
Middle is bust.

And the Milk says:  
I'm almost all gone  
Down her little red lane—  
In a minute her cup  
Will be empty again.

And the Carrots speak cheerfully:  
Just one more bite  
Of us carrots to chew,  
And then pretty soon  
Mary Anne will be through.

And the Custard sounds surprised:  
It's certainly strange  
The way I disappear:  
I WAS in her saucer  
And now I am here.

Oh, we once were her luncheon, yum yummy, yum yummy,  
But now we are all dancing round in her tummy.

Then good Mary Anne  
Gets down from the table,  
And folds up her bib  
As well as she's able.

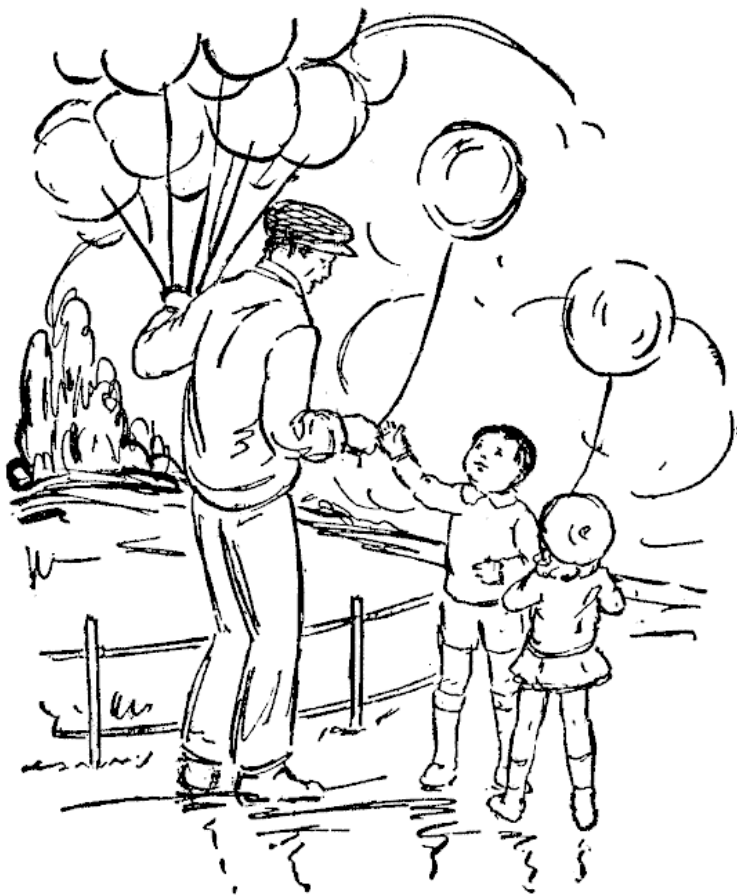
She walks very straight  
So as not to upset;  
And she's glad that it isn't  
Her supper time yet.



# I AM

I am a Bridge  
From one bed to another;  
I am a Whale  
With frightened fish to chase;  
I am a Boat  
Sailing round my mother—

How can I be a little boy  
And wash my hands and face?



# THE BALLOON MAN

Our balloon man has balloons.  
He holds them on a string.  
He blows his horn and walks about  
Through puddles, in the spring.

He stands on corners while they bob  
And tug above his head—  
Green balloons and blue balloons  
And yellow ones, and red.

He takes our pennies and unties  
The two we choose; and then  
He turns around, and waves his hand,  
And blows his horn again.





## A NEED

I need a little stick when I  
Go walking up the street  
To poke in cracks when I go by  
And point at sea gulls in the sky  
And whack at trees we meet.

I need a stick to zim along  
The fences that we see—  
It makes a funny kind of song,  
Sort of like a dinner gong  
And sort of like a bee.

I need a stick for dragging through  
The gravel in the park—  
It makes a lovely curlycue.  
And then of course I need one too  
For when it's getting dark.

I do not think that there can be  
Any doubt about it:  
I NEED a little stick with me.  
I cannot walk without it.



# THE LITTLE HAT

I lost my little  
Hat that had  
Ribbons round and  
Round it.

And it made me  
Very sad. . . .  
And I never  
Found it.



# EATING CANDY

We like to lick a candy stick  
Until it's sharp enough to prick,

And lemon drops we always tuck  
Way inside our cheeks and suck.

Then they last us nice and long—  
BITING them is what is wrong;

But the only thing to do  
With a caramel is chew.



# THE HUNGRY WAVES

The hungry waves along the shore  
Chase each other with a roar.

They raise their heads and, wide and high,  
Toss their hair against the sky.

They show their teeth in rows of white  
And open up their jaws to bite.



# THE DOLLIES' TEA-PARTY

When we have tea I like to sit  
And hold the pot and pour;  
There isn't any tea in it—  
But still there's always more.

And when I say, "You'll have some cream?"  
Or "Are four lumps too many?"  
They're so polite—they never seem  
To know there isn't any.

And when an empty plate is passed  
They gobble up the cookies fast.



# THE DOLLY'S EVENING

I wash her hands  
Till they are white,  
And shine her cheeks  
Till they are bright.  
I tuck her in

So warm and tight,  
Put up the screen  
And fix the light  
(She likes things done  
EXACTLY right),  
And kiss her nose  
And say good night.



# THE EASTER RABBIT

The Easter Rabbit keeps a very  
Cheerful hen that likes to lay  
Blue and red and green and yellow  
Eggs for him on Easter day.

He puts the eggs inside his basket  
With a lot of other things—  
Bunnies with pink ears and whiskers,  
Little ducks with tickling wings.

Then on tip-toe he comes hopping,  
Hiding secrets everywhere—  
Speckled eggs behind the mirror,  
Sugar bird-nests in the chair.

If we saw him we would give him  
Tender lettuce leaves to eat—  
But he slips out very softly  
On his pussywillow feet.





# ROLLING DOWN A HILL

Rolling  
Down a  
Hill my  
Head  
Turns in—  
To my  
Feet in-  
Stead;

And the  
Grasstops  
And the  
Sky  
Tangle  
Up as  
I go  
By.



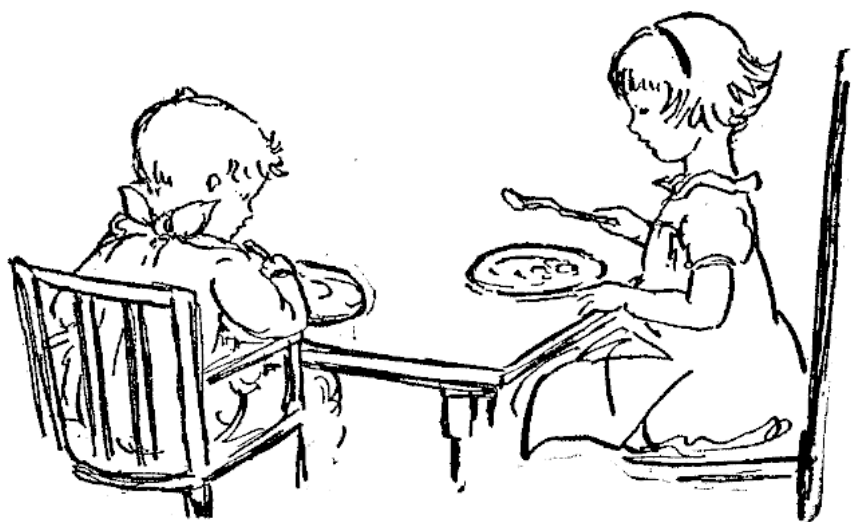
Then they  
Straighten

Out once  
More  
And look the  
Way they  
Did be-  
Fore.  
My feet are  
Where they  
Used to  
Be———  
My head is back on top of me!



# PROUD JANE

Jane's too old  
To have a pusher;  
Jane's too old  
To take a nap;  
Jane has forks  
With fingers on them  
Jane wears napkins  
In her lap.





# CAREFUL JANE

Some holes are for  
Crawling into;  
Other holes for  
Falling into.  
That's why Jane when  
She goes walking  
Minds-her-feet and  
Stops-her-talking.



# STRANGE

In winter time when we go out  
We wear galoshes on our feet,  
And sometimes when we're shoveling snow  
We meet our mother on the street.

Its very queer to meet her there.  
She wears a coat and muff and hat.  
When she's at home and doing things  
She does not look like that.

We never say so very much.  
We only kind of look at her.  
We are not in our home at all.  
But then she smiles as though we were!





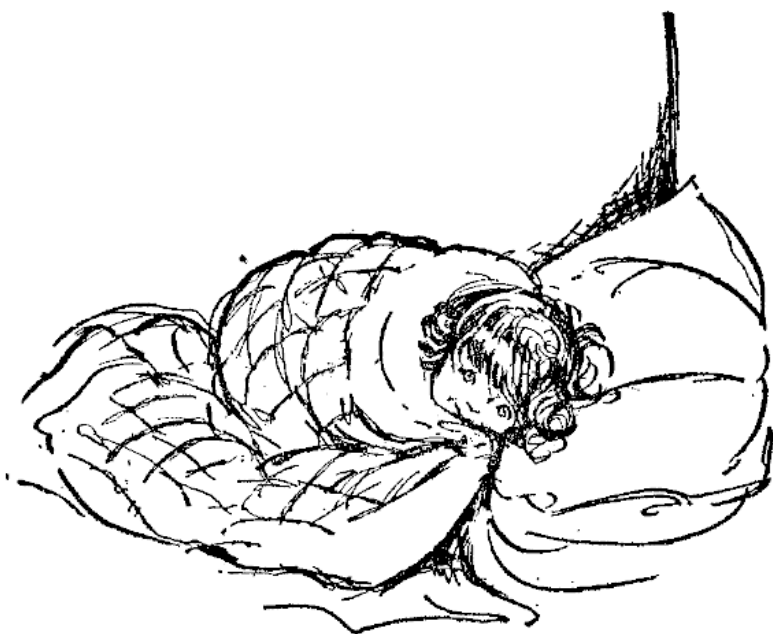
# IN THE MORNING

Our father always shaves his face  
Excepting in the bristles place;

When he's going down the stairs  
He's sometimes mice and sometimes bears;

At breakfast time he eats two eggs  
And holds his napkin on his legs,

And then he reaches up so high  
We stand on chairs to say good-bye.



# IT WAS

When he came to tuck me in  
And pat me on the head  
He tried to guess (he always does)  
Who was in my bed.

“Is it Sally?” he guessed first,  
“Or her sister Joan?  
It’s such a wriggling little girl  
It couldn’t be my own.”

“It can’t be Mary Ann,” he said,  
“Or Deborah because  
All their eyes are much too blue—  
My GOODNESS ME, I THINK IT’S YOU!”  
And he was right. It was.



# ALL ABOUT IT

A mother cat thinks necks are for  
Lifting kittens from the floor;

And rabbit mothers are so queer:  
They lift their children by an ear.

I'm glad our baby has a mummy  
Who holds him nicely by the tummy.

She says when he's a little older  
She'll hold him higher on her shoulder

Because an older baby tries  
To keep his head on when he cries.

Now it wobbles quite a bit,  
And he wears no hair on it.

Still she doesn't think, she said,  
He'd look as nice without his head.



# WHISTLES

I want to learn to whistle.  
I've always wanted to.  
I fix my mouth to do it but  
The whistle won't come through.

I think perhaps it's stuck, and so  
I try it once again.  
Can people swallow whistles?  
Where is my whistle then?



## QUITE BUSY

Here are some games I like to play:  
When shoes are around I take them away.

When drawers are open I put shoes in—  
They like to be where they've never been.

When papers are on a desk or chair  
I move them quickly away from there.

When I find candles or soap or ink  
I taste them so as to see what I think.

There are a great many things to do—  
Things to uncover and cover up too,

And things that are sitting high up on a shelf  
To try very hard to pull down on myself.



## A LOSS

A tooth that's chewed so cheerfully  
Through so many chops  
And plates of peas and carrots, why,  
It's horrid when he stops.

He's wabbling rather badly and  
Is dangerous to touch—  
Oh, when he's gone I will not like  
Another tooth as much!





# THE WHY GIRL

Her nursie said to put them on  
And Jane said, “Why?”  
“Because you need your rubbers on  
To keep your feet dry—”  
THAT’S what her nursie said.  
And Jane said, “Why?”

“Because,” said her nursie then,  
“A child who does not try  
To do as she is told without  
Forever asking why  
Will surely have a dreadful thing  
Happen by and by:  
WE’LL TAKE HER RUBBERS FROM HER!”

And Jane said, “Why?”



# A LONG TIME AGO

My saucer had a spoon and cup,  
My tea-pot had a top,  
My music when I wound it up  
Didn't want to stop.

My pail had paint when it was new  
And never used to leak;  
My rubber kitten had a mew—  
My little lamb a squeak.



# WHEN I COOK

I don't need a cooking book  
When I go outdoors to cook.

Acorns filled with yellow berries  
Make delicious pies for fairies.

Spider webs are nice for making  
Frosting when I do my baking.

Pine cone cakes are what I frosten  
And we eat them very often.

In the woods are wet brown mosses  
For ice cream with chocolate sauces.

And no matter where I look  
I can't find any prunes to cook.



# MY NOSE

It doesn't breathe;  
It doesn't smell;  
It doesn't feel  
So very well.

I am discouraged  
With my nose:  
The only thing it  
Does is blows.



# ALONE

There were some children out today,  
And I stood and watched them play  
From near the tree.

They knew a game of running round  
And lying flat upon the ground  
And peeking up to see.

I only stood and watched them play.  
I did not know their names. And they  
Did not know me.



# AWAKE

Once when I  
Was sick I lay  
Wide awake  
Till it was day.

And when the dark  
Was getting light  
My mirror looked  
So pale and white.

The pictures hanging  
On the wall  
I could not even  
See at all.

Just their frames  
Looked Big and Black  
Waiting for them  
To come back





# WHAT THEY ARE FOR

Curbstones are to balance on  
Far from the ground,  
Railings are to slide upon  
And trees for running round.

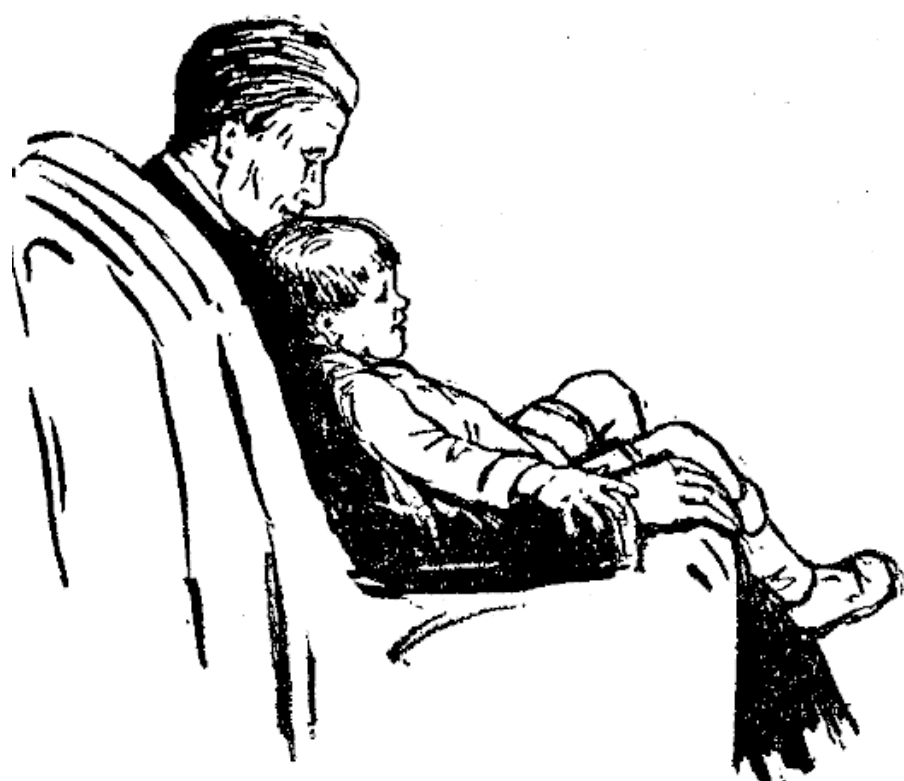
Fences are for wriggling through,  
Cracks and holes to hop,  
And, though she does not like us to,  
Puddles are to plop.



# THE SECRET PLACE

Half way up our apple tree  
There's a place belongs to me  
Where two branches make a chair  
And I like it sitting there,  
With apple blossoms all about  
And bees buzz-bumping in and out.

People wonder where I go  
When I'm out but they don't know.  
They don't know about my tree  
For the place belongs to me,  
And if they ever climbed to it  
It would not fit! It would not fit!



## **AFTER SUPPER**

Let's not pretend we're anywhere; Let's only sit here in this chair.

I don't want to play that we Are sailors sailing on the sea, Or pirates  
in a pirates' cave Or even lions being brave.

I'm feeling very nice and near. Let's just be here.